

MANMUKH AND GURMUKH

Manmukh

He woke me up and said, "It is time".

Gently, he pulled my spirit out of my body and guided me in a flight across the sky. We flew side by side for a while until we came to a castle. The castle looked formidable. There were three doors each on three sides of the castle. The fourth side had no door.

Murky and dark waters surrounded the castle. Even darker were five creatures closely guarding the castle. These creatures looked big and strong. The whole sight was rather gloomy. I felt frightened upon seeing all this and firmly held on to my guide.

He reassured me, "Don't worry, they cannot see you."

Silently he took me inside the castle. The cobwebs on the walls and the floor indicated that no one had been there for ages. Darkness, dirt and gloom permeated everything.

He led me to the north side of the castle. There was a door well hidden behind a curtain of deep darkness. While all the other doors of the castle were open, this one was tightly shut. It was coated with rust and looked inaccessible. But we, being spirits, easily slipped through it.

To my utter amazement, I discovered that it was actually a doorway to another wonderful world! This world looked completely different from the one that existed on the other side of the door. Everything shone with inner light and looked as though it had been sprinkled with eternal youth. There were flowers everywhere and their subtly sweet scents filled the air.

There was a path from the hidden door to a big pond of rather inviting clear water. Then, a golden path led from the pond to a city, which shone, with all the colours of the rainbow. Exquisite music could be heard from the city.

He explained, "One has to cleanse oneself in order to get to that city. The city is called the Realm of Truth."

I understood little but I was so enchanted with this place that no questions arose in my mind. It looked so peaceful here! I wished I could live here forever.

But soon it was time to leave. We slipped out through the door again.

Overcoming the spell, I asked, "Who owns this castle?"

Without a word, my guide led me outside and away from the castle. Far from the castle, there was a small hut. Its roof and walls were crumbling. Inside sat a man who personified misery. Hunger and thirst dominated his face. He wore dirty rags. He sat at the window looking mournfully toward the castle.

"The castle belongs to this man," my guide said.

I could not believe what I heard and repeated, "The castle belongs to this man?"

He explained, "His is a rather sad story. He lived in the castle a long time ago. He led a gay and a wasteful life. He would never come home for days and even when he did, he would stay only for a short while before going out again."

My guide continued, "The dark creatures you saw were his servants. He trusted them completely and thought they were his friends. In fact, he trusted them so much that he gave them complete power in managing the castle. Slowly, the guards became the masters of the castle and he the servant. Then a day came when they banded together and banished him from the castle."

My guide must have known that I was thinking about the city behind the hidden door because he said, "He could escaped to the Realm of Truth, but the poor man was so engrossed with life outside the castle that he never even discovered the hidden door."

I felt pity for this man who was a king yet lived like a pauper.

"Isn't there some way for him to own his castle again?" I asked.

Gurmukh

He woke me up and said, "It is time".

Without answering, he motioned me to accompany him. We went to another castle. It looked very similar to the first one, yet something was very different here. The five dark creatures were present but they didn't look strong, rather they looked weak and exhausted. Their faces were washed with fear. In fact, three of them were lying on the ground in submission.

There was a mighty battle going on! It looked as if an army of thousand had descended upon the creatures.

But to my great surprise, there was only one man who was fighting all of these creatures. The man wore a yellow turban and a blue robe. His face was shining with determination. He wore two swords. He had chakkars on his turban. He was a warrior in the true sense of the word - as agile as a deer yet as powerful as a lion.

In his hands, he held a rather strange looking sword. This sword was sharp on both sides and it shone with a brightness that I had not witnessed before.

He was using the double-edged sword to strike the dark creatures. With each strike they fell down but then would stagger up again and again to fight him. But his sword was a magic sword. With each strike, the creature grew weaker while the sword became more powerful and bright. It was as if the sword was seeping the strength of the creatures into itself. With a loud cry of pain, another dark creature fell into submission.

The last creature left was the most powerful and the most cunning one. He would hide and come back in many forms - sometimes a hissing snake, sometimes a hellish devil, sometimes an alluring maiden, sometimes a feeble old man and sometimes a wailing old woman.

But the warrior was no fool! It looked as though he had been trained by the most adept teacher. He would let the creature get close to him and then would strike him down again and again. It was no secret that before long the last creature would surrender. And the castle would belong to the warrior.

I was rather impressed with the warrior and asked, "What gives him so much strength?"

My guide laughed as if he had been waiting for this one particular question.

He pointed to the double-edged magic sword in the warrior's hand and said, "The Khanda of Naam."

Taken from http://www.panthkhalsa.org/naamnet/naam_g.html